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denmed to the miseries of a sick chamber; and as there is no law, celestial or terrestrial, making dramatic critics aught but mortal, it is naturally to be inferred that they are to suffer with the rest of mankind, though I warrant me that were their feelings to be consulted on the matter, they would one and all pronounce it to be a great shame.

Don't imagine, however, that because I am confined to a sick room I receive no intelligence of "Matters Theatric." Far from it. I have received visits from friends who have wept—and are not ashamed to acknowledge it—over Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle,"—have seen enthusiastic old and young gentlemen go into extasies over the ballet and scenery of the "Black Crook,"—have heard glowing accounts of Col. Watson's "Charlatan,"—and justifications of my criticism of Brougham's Capt. Cuttle, which is, by all odds, the worst piece of acting in that talented gentleman's list of characters—have heard good accounts of Edwin Adams' performances at the Broadway Theatre, and, if the gentleman has but continued in the course of improvement which he was following while playing with Miss Bateman some seasons since, they must be just, for he promised then to become a thoroughly excellent and artistic actor. So you see that I am not altogether in the dark as to what is going on in the charmed, and to me charming, circle of the theatres. Then again, kind hands bring me, now and then, copies of the "Programme," and I devour its contents with all the relish of an epicure over his favorite dish. *Apropos* to the "Programme," I came across an article in the last number of that sheet relative to the rise and popularity of burlesque acting in London, according to which, some half a dozen of the London theatres have adopted burlesque as a specialty, and are doing a thriving and flourishing business. Now, why should not some of our New York theatres adopt the same line? True, burlesque is not the highest branch of the dramatic art; but there is no denying the fact that people go to the theatre now-a-days for the purpose of being amused, and from no real love of acting or from any true admiration of the actor's art; now most people can understand, appreciate and laugh over a good, rollicking burlesque, and in the name of all that is sensible and money-making, why dont some of our managers take the hint from their London *confreres*, and adopt this line of business, thereby ensuring good houses and plethoric coffers? Mind you, I would not have indifferent burlesques presented to the public; but really good, witty productions, such as our own Brougham or Byron of London are capable of writing. Then again, the "classical burlesque," so popular in England, is something entirely unknown to the American public, and produced with good acting and proper accessories would be sure of making "a hit—a palpable hit." We had some taste of this in "Ixion," played a short time since at the French Theatre, but it was so poorly and carelessly produced that the natural consequence was a failure; still the play was full of wit, and was moreover well acted, and had but proper care been expended on it would, without doubt, have been a great success. The American people are great lovers of fun, and let

the subject be ever so serious, they are more apt to view it in a ridiculous light than in any other. Hence, it is my firm conviction that had—one of our metropolitan managers the courage and energy to devote his theatre to burlesque, that the novelty of the thing, if nothing else, would ensure to him unbounded success.

But sick people are proverbially stupid and prosy, and I fear that I am falling into the same bad courses; so let me, with all due decorum, close this rather lengthy and exceedingly rambling epistle with the sincere hope that the doctor's predictions may turn out false, and that before the month is out I may be out too, and visiting again my old familiar haunts, the theatres, and be able to revel once more in the delights of criticism; 'till then, my dear Watson, and most estimable and courteous reader, adieu!

SHUGGE.

ART GOSSIP.

"La Bella Trasteverina" is the title of a marble bust now on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery. As its title indicates, this is a type of the noblest of Roman or Italian women, and though not a portrait of any individual Italian woman, it being an ideal, yet sufficiently characteristic of the Roman race as to give the idea that it is a portrait of one of those Roman women, whose noble deeds and virtues, history so copiously records. The side view, or profile of this head is very fine. The high forehead—the aquiline nose almost Roman—the well chiselled lips, and rounded chin—all so beautifully curved, together with the expression of the whole, present a type of woman that is indeed the equal if not the superior of man. A type of woman that raises man to the dignity of a God—and frees him from all base and sensual passions—a type of woman that is, truly, the fit mate for man, being his comforter in distress, and his hope as well as his ambition for the future. The entire modeling of the bust is good; there is none of that stiffness and hardness which is so generally observed in works of this kind. The lines are flowing, and the marble is so chiseled as to do away with the hard cold look, and give the impression that something animate, a living woman is before us. Cordinier is the sculptor's name—we believe he is a Frenchman.

A picture painted by L. R. Mignot, of this city, but who has been a resident of London for the past few years, is favorably noticed by the *Athenaeum*. The subject is a view of the Falls of Niagara, as seen from the Terrapin Tower.

A bust of Mulready, the celebrated painter, who was born in the year 1786 and died in 1863, has been modeled by Weeks, (an English sculptor of some repute), and has been placed on a pedestal in the entrance hall of the National Académie, London.

A monument to the late Count Cavour is to be erected at Florence. Dupré, a French sculptor, is to execute it, and for which he is to receive the nice sum of 600,000 francs.

Judging from the names of the painters and sculptors that are to execute the work in the new grand Opera House of Paris, it will be an academy of fine arts in itself. Baudry, Boulangier, Barrias, Delaunay, Gérôme, and Pils, are to execute the paintings on the interior, and amongst the sculptors employed are Carpeaux,

Denecheaux, and Bruyer. If Congress would only take a lesson in art from this grand Opera House, they would pass a resolution to destroy all the fearful monstrosities, which, at present disgrace the walls of the Capitol, and then employ our best artists and sculptors to paint, and to model events and scenes descriptive of American history—but to our subject, it is said, that the designs for the internal decorations which have been submitted to the judgment of Garnier, the architect of the Opera House, amount to several thousands in number. The medallions, busts, and statues of eminent composers, poets, and dramatic writers, which are to adorn the building, will number over fifty works.

Meissonnier, the celebrated French artist who finishes his pictures so highly, is reported as having made proposals to decorate the interior of the New Grand Opera House of Paris, by painting colossal works on the walls of the saloon, in the rear of the Emperor's box. It is to be presumed he can wield a brush the size of a white-wash brush, as readily as he can the minute sable pencil.

The covered passage between the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti Palace in Florence, has been opened to the public, it contains a variety of art-treasures, comprising paintings, tapestries, and an important collection of drawings by the old masters belonging to the Uffizi, but which from want of space has never before been exhibited.

Foley's statue of the late Lord Herbert, has been successfully cast in bronze at the Phoenix Foundry, Southwark, recently.

The largest picture in the world, at present known, is on the ceiling in the Hall of Hercules at Versailles, by Francois Lemoine, containing 142 figures, and being 64 feet long, and 54 broad, without being divided by any architectural interruptions.

Miss Durant, an English sculptress, who has been commissioned by Queen Victoria to execute a monument to the memory of the late King of the Belgians, has completed the clay model. The builder describes it thus. The King is represented as stretched on the bed of death, by the side of which lies crouched, but with head erect, the Belgian lion on whose shaggy mane the hand of the departing King has dropped, and rests in quiet strength. On the other side of the couch stand two guardian angels presenting two shields with the arms of England and Belgium.

The monument in the middle of the square of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers is finished. It consists of a column of Jura granite, resting on a pedestal of white Echaillon stone, and is to be surmounted by a statue in bronze of Victory. The four sides of the pedestal will bear inscriptions recording victories won by the French troops during the Crimean campaign.

The New Royal Academy, about which there has been considerable discussion in the English papers as to the best site for the New Academy has been determined on. The Burlington House, and gardens adjoining, will form the site for the new building. It will contain besides offices, student's room, and library, permanent galleries of art, always open to the public. Something we would recommend to the managers of the band-box affair in Twenty-third Street to imitate by establishing a permanent exhibition of works of art, so that the public could go there at any season.